



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO REFRIND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1803.

THE SHRUBBERY—A TALE.

[Continued from Page 73.]

AND will you fly from me, gentle bird?" said he, bending down and stretching out his hand, "though I am not the fair being you took me for, I would not hurt you, indeed I would not, but would cherish you for her sake." As he said these words he rose up and continued his ramble until he arrived at an opening in the wood, that presented him with a distant view of the lake and its islands, the colours of which were melted into each other by the soft light of the evening.

He had hardly fixed his eyes on the prospect, when his dog, who had been ranging the garden, rushed across the walk in pursuit of some game he had just started. "Come hither, sirrah," said Melmoth, angrily, "violate nothing here on pain of your master's displeasure, these are hallowed grounds."

The singularity of the speech, and the warmth with which it was uttered, attracted the notice of an elderly gentleman who was sitting on a bench at a small distance, and whom a sudden turn in the walk had prevented him from seeing.

From his dress he appeared to be a clergyman. He immediately rose up: as Melmoth now saw it was too late to return, he walked up to him with a respectful air, and acquainted him with his name, and the particulars of his case, assuring him that nothing but the greatest necessity could have urged him to trespass on his grounds.

"You are welcome, sir," said the stranger, with a smile equally benevolent and polite; "I have always heard your family mentioned with esteem, and I shall consider your company not as an intrusion, but as an honor."

Melmoth returned a bow for this compliment, and taking a brace of birds from his net, he begged his acceptance of them as a small mark of his sense of the obligation. The old gentleman would have declined the present, but Melmoth would not submit to a refusal, and they proceeded along the walk.

"You have a sweet spot here, sir," said Melmoth. "Yes, sir," replied the other, "I take great delight in it, but it has received no ornaments of my taste; owes all its

beauties to my daughter, who, poor girl, since her mother's death, has been my only companion in this solitude."

The walk now brought them to a small meadow planted with fruit-trees, and divided by the rivulet which Melmoth had seen before. The steeple of the village church rose on one side, and at the upper end stood an old brick house, the front of which was almost vegetable from the overgrowth of the vine with which it was covered.

"This is my dwelling, sir," said the old gentleman, "it has not much elegance in its appearance, but"—"It has more," interrupted Melmoth, "the venerable appearance of an old house affects me much more deeply than the elegance of a modern one. It seems to breathe something of that generous spirit of hospitality which characterised our ancestors; at least I have always connected that idea with it."

They were now arrived at the door, and Melmoth was shewn into a room fitted up with a great degree of taste. The walls were hung with several flower-pieces cut in paper, and with drawings of different views, which the country around it afforded. The windows looked into the orchard. It was the hour of twilight's soberest grey: the bat was taking its circles in the air, and now and then the owl hooted and flapped its wings against the casement.

"You live very retired here, sir," said Melmoth. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Hartop, for that was his name; "but my time is spent so agreeably in the discharge of the duties of my parish, and in cultivating my daughter's mind, that I do not feel the least regret at my seclusion from the world."

The door now opened and his daughter made her appearance. "Julia, my dear," said her father, "this gentleman intends to honor us with his company to night." Melmoth rose at her entrance, and she received him with a modest look of welcome; a look which she always gave to the friends of her father.

They both sat down, and a silence ensued. Melmoth knew not what to do; when he looked up, his eyes met Julia's, and he cast them down again. He was soon relieved from his distress by the appearance of sup-

per, the elegant simplicity of which charmed him. It was succeeded by a desert. The flavor of the fruit was exquisite; Melmoth had never tasted any so fine:—they were gathered by the hand of Julia. When the clock struck ten all the servants entered. The master of the family informed his guest that it was the hour of prayer! and on bended knees he poured forth the effusions of a grateful heart, with all the honest fervor of devotion.

Melmoth went to bed early, but he could not chase Julia's image from his mind. His adventure had something so romantic in it, that he almost doubted its reality; but a few hours before, he did not know that such a being existed, and now his whole existence was interwoven with her's.

As soon as it was light, he went down into the garden. The shrubs and flowers, refreshed with the dew, breathed a fragrance exquisitely pleasing, and the lark soared high in the air, and warbled his trembled thrilling notes of ecstasy.

Melmoth followed the course of the rivulet in its mazes through the grove, until he descended into a dingle, where it widened its stream, and slept upon its rushes. To trees which overhung it reflected so deep a shade that the light was no stronger than that of a bright moon-light, and all was rudeness, silence and solitude. Melmoth sat down on a bank and played a lively air upon his flute.

It was a piece which he himself had composed, and his fancy had already drawn a little circle of furies dancing round him to the sound, when he was roused by the rustling of the leaves. He started up and looking round, was saluted by Mr. Hartop and his daughter: they had been taking their morning walk, and accident had pointed it in the very same direction with his. They apologised for their disturbance, and entreated him to finish the tune.

He took up his flute and touched a few notes of the voluntary effusion he had heard the night before. Julia blushed: Mr. Hartop observed her confusion, and, leading Melmoth to an opening, began to point out to him the beauties of the prospect. It was a little home-scene in the pastoral style. In

the valley below, ran a small river with a mill turning in its stream, and a green hill rose on the opposite side, partly covered with furze, and seamed with a winding sheep-walk. In the wood-lands on the right and left the birds were singing sweetly in concert; and the pauses of harmony were supplied by the murmurs of the water-mill, and the tinkling of the weather's bell. Melmoth stood listening to these mingled sounds with such a look of pleasure, that he communicated his feelings to his friends.

Julia caught his enthusiasm, and her father smiled.

It was a favorite scene of hers; she had often viewed it, and as often admired it; but she had not known half its beauties till now.

"I hope your little robin is well this morning," said Melmoth to her, as they were returning to the house.

"Very well, sir," she replied, colouring; "but I did not know that my little friendly visitor had the honor of your acquaintance."—"My daughter," interrupted Mr. Hartop, "has a great affection for the feathered race, and they seem to return it with almost equal warmth. She has at this time a little family of blackbirds under her protection, and she visits them, I believe, every morning with the greatest anxiety for their welfare."

As he said these words, they observed a cat playing with something on the grass-plot at a small distance, and Julia stepped up just time enough to see her favorite blackbirds expire at her feet.

"Here they are," said she, bending over them with her hands clasped, "here they are indeed!" As she spoke, she looked up, and her heart's soft tear was in her eye. Melmoth felt it stream over his senses.

He had all the milk of human kindness in his bosom; but at that moment he felt something more than the simple impulse of humanity within him: and the impression he then received was never lost. As he turned round to conceal his emotion, he saw the cat sitting behind a shrub close at hand, and contemplating with the greatest composure on the little scene of distress which she had occasioned.

Resentment for a moment flushed his cheek, and he took up a stone from the walk to throw at her. "You must not, indeed you must not," said Julia, warmly, "she only pursued the dictate of nature." At these words she lifted her hand to his arm, which was raised in the action; and the tears which had stood trembling on her eye-lids forced their way down her cheeks. Pity's finest strings were then touched, and with her soft and silver sounds the harsh discordant notes of revenge are never in unison.

Melmoth dropped the stone upon the ground, and, whilst he turned aside his head to hide a tear, secretly exclaimed, "What an amiable girl!"

Mr. Hartop stood silent all the while. He looked first at the birds, then at Julia, then at Melmoth, and then at the birds again; his heart was too full to allow him to speak—it ran over through his eyes.

How long this scene lasted I cannot tell; had it been in my power it should have lasted for ever; I would have fixed it on the canvass.

The conversation at breakfast became warm and interesting; literature and music were the principal topics. Julia was not silent on either: she discovered a delicacy and correctness of taste which astonished Melmoth.

"The study of music," said he, "while it sweetly soothes the sense of hearing, touches the soul, and elevates and refines its nature. I am persuaded there never was a poet who had not a taste for it; though I cannot go so far as a French writer who affirmed, that he who is insensible to its effects, has but half a soul."

"Shakespeare's celebrated assertion is not bolder," said Mr. Hartop, "but I think I can confute you by a single instance: Garrick and Johnston had no taste for music."

"The Italians," said Julia, "are enthusiasts in the art, and the French seem to have imbibed their spirit. The fine nerves of J. J. Rousseau were tremblingly alive to its powers; and his extreme fondness for it, I have heard, appears almost in every page of his works. Indeed those who have touched the springs of pity with the finest hand, have generally presented the idea of music to the mind in their most affecting scenes. Marmontelle has given to Fanchon his hautboy; Julia de Roubigne has her harpsichord; and Maria de Moulins has her flute."

"I do not know a sweeter poem in our language," returned Melmoth, "than the Minstrel: it breathes a spirit of melancholy enthusiasm, which captivates the mind irresistibly. The character of Edwin is drawn with exquisite taste, and the whole exhibits some of the most romantic scenes in nature. The idea of his reclining at a distance from the village-dance, 'soothed with soft notes warbling in the wind,' is inexpressibly beautiful."

The heart of Julia was all attuned to gentle emotions, and whenever the faded form of sorrow met her eye, the tear of sympathy was ready to start. I have seen her set out in a morning on her little errands of charity to the poor of the village. She entered every cottage with such a smile of sweetness, and listened to every tale of family distress with such a look of tender concern, that my heart dilated at the sight.

I would not have exchanged my feelings on that occasion for those of any one under heaven but herself. Though united to her by no closer bond than that of humanity, I felt a pride, an honest pride, in the connexion; I felt a dignity in my nature which I had never known before.

In the evening they sailed on the lake, the surface of which was just ruffled enough to show it was alive. A cormorant was flying over it and fishing; and on the banks, which were steep and shagged with wild shrubs, hung a few goats.

Here and there a grotesque mass of rock projects boldly over the water, with a little shining torrent falling from its brow; and often through the precipices appears a green lawn, embosomed in old woods which climb half way up the mountains side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. All these objects were reflected on the blue surface of the lake, and no sooner had the boat pushed off from the shore than they started into motion. The rocks, and woods, and mountains passed by in silent succession, and changed their figure at every turn. The rays of the setting sun gave a glow to the landscape, and Melmoth threw an air of enchantment over it with the dulcet notes of his flute.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

#### FOR THE HIVE.

MR. M'DOWELL,

Please to publish the following observation on an essay which appeared in the last number of 'The Hive,' under the signature of *Clytus*. I must, however, in justice to the author, observe, that I consider his design laudable; and, that I am convinced of the purity of his motives.

THE love of applause is natural to man, and has a powerful influence upon his conduct. It may be observed in the first lisps of infancy, as well as in more advanced life. It is the principle of many of our actions, prompts us to virtuous and magnanimous deeds, and animates us in every pursuit. Censure is the very reverse, and has a natural tendency to depress the spirits, to allay the ardor of corrupt and vicious passions, and to prevent the commission of crimes. Hence the one is held out as a reward of virtue, and the other as a punishment of vice; and there is not perhaps a greater incentive to the one, nor a more powerful dissuader from the other; for the most hardened villain is not insensible to praise, nor regardless of censure and disgrace.

But *Clytus* has transferred applause to crime, (for a crime it indubitably is) the most flagitious,—and shocking to every humane and benevolent feeling. "The seducer," says he, "goes on, in his successful career of seduction; and instead of laboring under the merited execration of mankind, receives the plaudits of an admiring age."

Whatever garb he may assume, for the honor of human nature, for the honor of the press, I hope but a small portion of the man so far sunk in depravity, so

destitute of the common feelings and sentiments of humanity, as to bestow applause upon the vile polluter of innocence, the despoiler of virtue. The human being who can witness the distress of a deluded fair one, the grief of her fond parents mourning over their blasted expectations, and not feel for them, and glow with indignation at the author of their wrongs, is unfeeling as the tyger, and unworthy of the protection which human society affords. Though the odium is not proportioned to the crime, the seducer is justly considered as the vulture of society and abhorred by parents. Shunned and detested by the fair sex, in vain does he solicit their confidence and esteem. This is the praise he receives, and this is the praise he merits.

HORATIO.

## FOR THE HIVE.

"HE is a good man," is an epithet we almost constantly apply when a pleasant emotion or sentiment of good will is produced in the mind by the actions of any particular character; and with that listless indifference, with which we perform almost every action in which our own interest or happiness is not immediately the object of concern, we bestow it indiscriminately upon the virtuous and the vicious. The loudest and most turbulent bawlers at an election, — nay, even profligates, who mistake profuseness for generosity, and lavishly squander their stores, regardless of utility, or the merit or demerit of the object of their munificence; and whose actions have an uniform tendency to spread contagious immorality around them, perhaps as often receive it, as the man whose life exhibits the brightest examples of moral purity. From this licentious use of the epithet, one would imagine it one of those, which politeness has incorporated into its cant, and rendered equivocal: But not even a good action, nor any thing adventitious, however dazzling, confers a claim to it. It is a reward of virtue; and expresses all that is truly amiable and dignified in human nature. Not confined to any circumstances or condition, the gilded coach of Mammon, and all his splendid magnificence, have as little claim to it as meager and tattered poverty. Nay, it is more frequently a concomitant of the latter than the former.

A truly good man is an object, which angels must contemplate with complacency and delight. The performance of his duties to his God, his country, and his family, is the chief object of his solicitude. His heart is ever open to the distresses of his fellow creatures, and his hand is extended in charity. If poor the rich respect him, and if rich the poor consider him as a friend and benefactor. Scowling envy dares not shoot her malignant arrows at his character; and when misfortunes assail him, his

aspect is not clouded with the gloom of discontent; no murmurings or impious repinings break from his lips, but his cheerful acquiescence in the dispensations of his creator, demonstrates his reliance on his justice and goodness.

A. U.

MR. McDOWELL,  
Should you deem the following, worthy of notice, give it a place in 'The Hive.' Z.

AN elderly French lady, shortly after the death of her husband, retired to her country seat. She had one child, a son, who was a handsome young man, but very much addicted to gambling; and, who had lost, at one sitting, no less than 40,000 pounds.

Destitute, at length, of other means to live, he associated with a company of strolling-comedians, who, as it happened, passed a short time at Worcester, near which town the old lady resided. After sustaining a few characters, the young actor was discovered, and the circumstance imparted to his mother. Though highly displeased with her son, she could not resist a wish to see him, and for this purpose went, incognito, to the theatre.

"The Gamester," was the play, and the young man supported the principal character.—During the recital of those passages which bore a resemblance to her son's bad conduct, the picture worked so forcibly upon her feelings, that she exclaimed aloud, "Aye, there he is!—the beggar!—the scoundrel!—always the same!—no changing!" The delusion grew so strong in the fifth act, where Beverly lifts up his hand to kill the child, that the old lady, in a tone of voice the most distressing, cried out, "Wretch that thou art, don't kill the child! I will take it home with me!"

## Curious Proceeding of Thieves.

A gentleman in London, having had his house broke open, from which sundry valuable articles were stolen, published the following whimsical advertisement in one of the daily papers:

"Mr. R—, of Stanhope-street, presents his most respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honor of eating a couple of roasted chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale and three bottles of old Madeira, at his house, on Monday night. In their haste they took away the tankard, to which they are heartily welcome; to the table-spoons and light guineas which were in an old red morocco pocket-book, they are also heartily welcome; but in the said pocket-book there were sundry loose papers, which consisting of private memorandums, receipts, &c. can be of no use to his kind and friendly visitors, but are important to him; he therefore hopes and trusts they will be so polite as to take some opportuni-

ty of returning them. For an old family watch that was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any could be pointed out, by which he could replace it by twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser.

W. R."

A few nights after, a packet, with the following letter enclosed, was dropped into the area of his house:

"Sir,

"YOU are quite a gemman. Not being used to your good Mederia, it got into our upper works, or we should never have cribbed your papers; they be marched back again with your red book. Your ale was mortal good; the tankard and spoons were made into white soup, in Duke's place two hours before day-light. The old family watch-cases were at the same time made into brown gravey, and the guts new christened, are on their voyage to Holland. If they had not been transported, you should have them again, for you are quite the gemman; but you know, as they have been christened, and have got a new name, they would no longer be of your old family. And soe sir, we have nothing more to say but that we are much obliged to you, and shall be glad to sarve and visit you by night or by day, and are your humble sarvants to command."

## MORALIST.

EDUCATION is a second creation; it improves nature, gives form, proportion or grace to the rude chaos of inheritant materials; and is as requisite to enliven the latent powers, and to direct their exercise, as the statuary's skull to form from the block of marble a Venus de Medicis, or Olympian Jupiter.

The first lineaments of virtue to be drawn on the soul: a regard for truth; love, respect, and obedience to parents and teachers; a just sense of right and wrong, and of the dignity of human nature; a strict temperance; patriotism and universal humanity; diligence in business, and a deep sense of religion, and of the obligations and duties which it includes. It is necessary to teach the tyro, by proper example, that the peculiar excellency of his frame lies in the calm and undisturbed exercise of reason; a steady self-government; a just affection to all the proper objects of moral approbation; an active benevolence; and by this standard to correct false notions of honor, grandeur, pleasure, and popular applause.

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An apprentice wanted to the *Printing Business*, as above.—He will receive good treatment.

## POETRY.

## FOR THE HIVE.

MR. McDOWELL,

*An incorrect copy of the following attempt having found its way, some time ago, into The Port Folio; it is now offered in a more correct manner, yet just as at first hastily written, by*

STREPHON.

Lancaster, 1 Nov. 1803.

## WHAT IS LOVE?

YOU ask how the passion of Love is defined; I call it, a sympathy soft, of the mind, Emotion sublime, and as pure as the sun, The tender affection, directed to one Of the opposite sex to the person inspired, And union the nearest, and dearest desired— If truth in the sketch of description above, My Laura, I feel the sweet arrow of Love!

COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE—DR H. C.

## ATLINIA.

WHY fall fading foliage so fast?  
Why murmur ye gales thro' the grove?  
Why shrink humble spray from the blast?  
Atlinia moves pensive in love.

Where yonder the stream marks its way,  
'Tween sedge-woven margins that meet;  
Mid new-shorn flocks in fond play:  
Atlinia had chosen her seat.

Serene as the gentle waves flow,  
Or calm as the soft breathing air;  
With throbbings the love chasten'd glow:  
Distends the fond soul of the fair.

The daisy-deck'd bank as see press'd,  
On her fair folded arms reclin'd;  
With the precious burden seem'd blest:  
'Till sadness had burden'd her mind.

How oft o'er the dew-sprinkled lawn,  
By harmonious bleat from the fold;  
Atlinia's fair image was drawn:  
While oft the known number she told.

But now from the chill breeze of morn,  
No lambskin invites her fond care;  
Nor when the false thicket has torn,  
Assistance no longer they share.

Neglected they carelessly rove,  
Unshelter'd from noon's scorching beam;  
Atlinia is captur'd by love,  
And absence now fans the fleet flame.

But cease fair Atlinia to mourn,  
Let Hope cheer thy soul with a smile;  
Young William will shortly return,  
And union thy grievance beguile.

Contentment shall crown all thy hours,  
The current of life smooth you'll find;  
For plenty will deck the sweet bow'r's:  
Where Virtue and love are combin'd.

## FOR THE HIVE.

## THE RACES!

YESTERDAY we raised a dust, as the saying is—we raised a dust literally yesterday. More people than were ever seen together, in Lancaster, assembled to see the Races.

Racing is certainly folly, and Racers are certainly fools. However, to increase the number of fools, I added one to the foolish group. It is not much to the honor of our species, that a thousand fools are so easily convened, standing, gaping, gazing to see—to see what? to see what you see every day, to see horses gallop. The spectacle might amuse children, but that a flock of adult bipeds should be entertained, is astonishing. Some came fifty or a hundred miles, others did not move a step nor lift their eyes to see the exhibition before them. Whether they be insensibles or philosophers, I leave to philosophy to determine.

It cannot be denied, however, that we were generally entertained. Now what is it [philosophers] in a horse-race that entertains? Contest is entertaining to human nature; but if it be merely contest, a snail-race would be as entertaining as a horse-race.

Swiftness is a constituent of sublimity, and therefore entertaining; but the swiftness of a swallow exceeds, yet is not so amusing.

Danger, and escape from danger, is pleasant; for instance, the pleasure of skating, sleighing, sailing, duelling, ballooning, &c. therefore the danger in racing is one source of the amusement it affords. Racing has ever been a fashionable amusement; therefore we are entertained by it. These, with the idea of gain, and the sight of crowded assemblies, constitute, perhaps, the pleasure we experience at a horse-race.

You will say it is a good thing for Lancaster, for it brings money to the place. I say it is a bad thing for Lancaster; it diverts our mechanics from their employment, it calls off apprentices and servants from their business, it inspires the desire of dishonest gain, and collects gamblers among us to promote the same depravity, and at the same time exhibits examples of horrid cruelty by beating, abusing, and oppressing innocent brutes, whose lives are devoted to our accommodation and benefit.

A Blood of the Turf.

## HUMOR.

WILLIAM PENN and THOMAS STORY, travelling together in Virginia, were caught by a shower of rain and unceremoniously sheltered themselves from it in a tobacco-house, the owner of which, happening to be within it, accosted them with "you have a great deal of impudence to trespass on my premises—you enter without leave—do you know who I am?" To which was answered, no—"why then I would have you to know I am a justice of peace;" to which Thomas Story replied, "my friend here makes such things as these—he is the governor of Pennsylvania." The great man quickly abated of his haughtiness and invited them into the mansion house; they declined his courtesy, and when the shower was over, they proceeded on their journey.

A criminal, who was sentenced to be hung, had a reprieve from the judge, on the following conditions:—A woman was to be bro't to the place of execution, and he was allowed to look at her for the space of one minute, he was at liberty then to marry her and live, or refuse and die. He cast his eyes on her, then turned to the executioner and said,

*The sentence hard, you do impart,  
But th' woman's worse—drive on the cart.*

A certain Courtier to whom Queen Elizabeth had given her promise to promote him, began to grow impatient at the delay. One day the Queen perceived him in the palace garden, and looking out of the window asked him, "what does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" To which, after a very short pause, he replied, "Madam he thinks of a woman's promises."

IN a storm at sea, Mr. Swain, chaplain of the Rutland, asked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger? O yes, replied the sailor, if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock to-night. The chaplain, terrified at the expression, cried out, *O God forbid!*

## TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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